

Girl, her Mamma took her into the Company of Ladies; but she was so rude and ill mannerly that her Mamma was ashamed of her; and no Lady would see or speak to her; she then returned to her ignorant Company, and as she had no Taste for the genteel Pleasure of Learning her Book, and improving her Mind, she was laughed at, despised, and at last ruined.

When you come into any Company, observe their Humours; suit your own Carriage thereto, by which Insinuation you will make their Converse more free and open. Let your Discourse be more in Queries and Doubtings than peremptory Assertions or Disputings.

Vile and debauched Expressions are the sure Marks of an abject and groveling Mind, and the filthy overflowings of a vicious Heart.

Resolve to speak and act well in Company, in spite of those that do ill; whose Vice, set against thy Virtue, will render it the more conspicuous and excellent.

Modesty in your Discourse will give a Lustre to Truth, and an Excuse to your Error.

We are not so much to regard who speaks, as what is spoken.

We must speak well, and act well. Brave Actions are the Substance of Life, and good Sayings the Ornament of it.

The Tongue is as a wild Beast, very difficult to be chain'd again, when once let loose.

VI. THE STORY OF THE TRIFLE

*Dear William, did'st thou never pop
Thy Head into a Timman's Shop;
There, William, did'st thou never see
('Tis but by Way of Si-mi-ly)
A Squirrel spend his little Rage
In jumping round a rolling Cage?
The Cage, as either Side turn'd up,
Striking a Ring of Bells a-top?
Mov'd in the Orbs, pleas'd with the chimers,
The foolish Creature thinks he climbs;
But here or there, turn Woodor Wire,
He never gets two Inches higher.*

A Silly Boy spent all his Time at Play, placed his highest Happiness in playing with Taw, Nine Pins, and at trundling Hoop, and when he beat his Companion thought himself the best Man of them all; grew proud, strutted, and fancied himself a wiser Fellow than any of his Companions. He can out-do you all, saith he, at Play. We all, said one of the Boys, can out-do you at your Books; all your Art proves you to be the worst; best but a Child; but our Learning makes us Men. The Boy said right, his Happiness was no greater than the Squirrel's. He thought with a foolish Vanity, he thought he climbed above the rest, when he